

AUNT JEAN'S LETTER.

The Infirmary—Home of the Friendless—St. Joseph's Hospital—Orphan's Home—Good Deeds and Kind Hearts.

May, 1891.

DEAR FRIENDS:

There is not a trace of winter in our fresh green landscape, and naught but the springtime of affectionate interest in my heart for you and the good that you are doing. Here, there, everywhere, is inserted the point of the truest lever that ever moved a world—that of single-hearted, well-intentioned effort for suffering men and women. Clean and white looms up the

INFIRMARY

with its red brick annex all ready for the interior adorning. Day by day the sick and wounded are carried in. Day by day the White Cross nurses go out to the sick beds of those who cannot come in. A pleasant feature in the management is the invitation to the families of ministers of the gospel to come and be healed without money and without price. "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." And the nurses may go to these families free of charge.

DONATIONS.

The Bible Society sent six Bibles. Mr. Johns, the druggist, who has shown such substantial interest from the first, sent a complimentary ticket for twenty-four glasses of soda water, a gift doubly acceptable in the sudden rush of hot weather while yet the body was swathed in winter flannel. The Phoenix Hotel has been munificent in contributions. The list reads, three venison roasts, lamb roast, and three roasts of mutton. The daily Transcript and Press give the world's doings to the secluded band. Mrs. Sara Allen sent sweet milk and buttermilk twice, and four glasses of jelly. She also gave a vine for the new building and two plants. Ladies of the Charity ball sent ice-cream and a collection of dishes—26 coffee-cups, 1 saucer, 5 plates, 2 dishes, 5 fruit saucers. Mrs. Maria Dudley sent bread and jelly and the Churchman. Mrs. Johnson sent a sack of fruit. Mrs. Virginia Gorton gave two numbers of the Churchman. Mrs. Spottswood sent two large buckets of cucumber pickles, a relish so necessary to the table. Mrs. Daniel Swigert's gifts this month have been costly and generous. She gave a walnut center table with marble top, one walnut washstand and two Brussels rugs. Now is the time for gifts of furniture, as nine new, sweet, fresh rooms stand ready to be clothed. Mrs. Dr. Talbott sent a large tray of beautiful

roses, lilies and smilax. Bell, the florist, made his monthly donation of exquisite flowers in great variety.

Several donors of bundles of papers are not recorded by name, yet these are most useful contributions for reading and for household uses. Miss Virginia Johns sent light rolls and flowers. Mrs. Simonds gave asparagus, that refreshing bit of an early spring menu.

CASH CONTRIBUTIONS.

From the Charity ball the amount was \$952.25, and this generous sum will no doubt be increased to \$1,000 by several friends of the Infirmary. Mr. Henry Read sent in \$100. One of the most touching gifts was the donation of the lot adjoining the Infirmary by Mrs. Maria Dudley, in loving memory of her husband, who was one of Kentucky's first citizens and surgeons.

THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

How clean and spotless was everything about the old ladies at my last visit! Aunt Patsy and Mother Steele sat with folded hands because there were no more rags to sew, and oh, how they chafed at the enforced idleness! "Who is this?" I asked, bending over the blind face. "I know you," she said, "I always know your voice;" and she called my name and bade me welcome. Aunt Patsy clasped both my hands when I told her that Mrs. Fitzhugh, a kind lady who never failed to send the right things to the right place, would send her some rags. "Yes, Aunt Patsy, she read about you in the RECORD, and she has a bag full." "That's right. Tell her to send 'em along. Mrs. Winston and Mrs. Felix sent the last. You know I must have different colors. I can't wind up all of a kind in one place. It takes a pound and a half to the yard and forty yards to a carpet." When I moved away she said, "Come again, come every week."

MOTHER CRONLEIGH

was in the next room, and at last she acknowledges that the foot is no better. I used all the arguments I knew to convince her the diseased bone must come out, and truly seemed willing. Gentle, inoffensive, child-like Mother Cronleigh! Several others were shaking my hands, and now Aunt Amy appeared at the door of the clean, shining kitchen and said, "The sight of you is good for the sore eyes," while in her rear loomed up two more smiling faces. Pardon me, friends, if I tell of these pleasant visits, where merely a smile and a cheerful word win such gratitude. Poor, bad, curly-coated Flip had to be given away. His manners did not improve, and he had no respect for his motherly friends,

so he was sent to a house of correction. The old ladies were without pets this time. Dick was dead, Flip disgraced, and Biddy farming out with her young brood, who threatened to make havoc of Matron Mary's lovely flowers. And her flowers this season are going to be unusually luxuriant. The beds and walks of the little garden are all weeded and clean, and the rich soil is ready for bloom.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

there about 150 patients, and some of them are, oh! so infirm, so hopelessly afflicted! Upstairs are the large, airy rooms for the pay patients. The lower wards are open to visitors. In that for men there were four deaths recently. In the colored wards there is an olive-skinned, bright-eyed boy, who was found in a negro cabin, his lower limbs actually gangrened from neglect. Both legs were to be amputated below the knee, and the little fellow sat in his pure white wrapper, with a friendly sheet screening the diseased members, and anxiously awaited the operation, so eager was he to get rid of "the body of this death." Doubtless he will not survive the ordeal, for he is fearfully wasted. Sister Euphrasia, one of God's ministering earth angels, patiently escorted us through the institution, explaining and describing with rare intelligence. Her injured hand (from her fall last year) does not regain its usefulness, but it is a genuine pleasure to look into her face and behold the good that is written there.

THE ORPHAN'S HOME

Shows the late repairs, and gleams bright and inviting in the crisp April air. Good Mother Albrecht was full of talk about her children. She had discharged her alien cook, who required such unceasing surveillance, and had one of her eldest girls cooking for a salary. "So much better," she said, and I thought so, too. Reading about a pie party to be given at Lancaster for the benefit of the Presbyterian church, where she was for years a member, Mother Albrecht sent one dollar as her mite. She laughed when she got two nice pies by express, a return she did not expect. Assistant Matron Mayfield sent us such an eloquent letter that we regret we cannot publish it all; but our short columns will not tell the half we should like:

"DEAR RECORD—Spring has come, and as our little children march two and two to school in their new suits they look fresh and happy. Everything is prospering with us. Four have been added to our number, and one has returned to her kinsfolk. All through the winter our band has been unbroken by death or illness, and I pray it may remain so.

"Time never hangs heavily. Our days are filled with work, and our evenings are spent in reading from the Youth's Companion and books contributed by friends, or in telling stories calculated to implant a moral tone. Let me give you a little incident. A week ago one of our little girls was sent to the post-office for stamps, when she saw a man drop a bill from his purse. Picking it up, she hastened to restore it. He took it, and only said, "Thanks;" but it shows the spirit of honesty. We teach them, "Thou, God, seest me."

"You will be pleased to know we have a vegetable garden and a flower garden, too. The children delight in working these, and are longing for vacation to get at it. Our venerable mother, now seventy-one, loves flowers with a passion, and the little ones take pride in bringing bunches to her." [And here the writer indulges in a beautiful eulogy of Mother Albrecht.—Ed.] "We have received a valuable gift in the shape of a refrigerator from our dear friend, Mr. Ephraim Sayre." She concludes with the following list of

APRIL DONATIONS.

S. Bassett & Sons, a lot of bedroom slippers. Hector Hillenmeyer, fifteen trees. From J. T. Miller, a garden spade and rake. Louis Ramsey, a ham. Henry Vogt, barrel of crackers and garden seeds. Mrs. Sara B. Cronly, \$5.50 for decorating windows. Mrs. John Scott, a bundle of useful clothing. De Long Bros., garden seeds. Mrs. N. W. Muir, sack of potatoes. Sidney Clay, bushel of fine pop-corn. Cane Ridge Church, a shoulder of meat and bottle of raspberry preserves. Electric Street Railway, a pass for the matron to ride. John Lell, twenty-four loaves of bread. Mrs. Simonds, twenty-five loaves of bread and lot of rolls. Lexington Ice Co. and Hercules Ice Co., ice for the month. Daily Transcript, Press and Leader. Lindsay & Nugent, yeast for home bread.

Now, friends, if you have gone with me thus far, your heart is alive to the good that is being done in your midst, and some of you may exclaim with the colored woman, to whom Mrs. Winston gave the RECORD to read, "Well, I had no idea the people of Lexington were doing so much for the sick and needy."

In love and fellowship,

AUNT JEAN.

For Charity.

Among the forty merchants who so generously paid for advertising space in The Record, Mr. J. Jones, the jeweler, took a section with the words, "For Charity and Nothing Else." No mention of his wares—only this and nothing more.